UNCLE JIM'S POSTHUMOUS JOKE.

WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT.

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him in utter desperation. "Mr. Mason," I exclaimed, almost crying, "do you mean to I never saw in my life-a man who, according to all accounts, is one of the most repulsively ugly creatures that ever existed?" Mr. Mason looked distinctly sympathetic. "I'm afraid that is the state of the case, Miss Williams," he answered. "Your uncle insisted on leaving it that way, and instructed me to tell you, if you protestedand he seemed tolerably certain that you would protest-that beauty was only

"It's monstrous! Horrible! It's carrying a joke too far!" "A joke!" the lawyer repeated, feebly. "I

shouldn't exactly call it-"That's what it is—a posthumous joke! I knew Uncle Jim would get even with me in some way, but I never dreamed he would do anything as cruel as this. It was itively wicked of him, when he knew how much mother and I would need the money." - But perhaps I had better explain. Every man has his own fancy. I suppose, and Uncle Jim's was for practical joking. To say that Uncle Jim would rather joke than eat is to put the thing too mildly, since he had invented and worked out this last alleged joke on his deathbed. He owed me one in return for a trick I had played on him some months before. Uncle Jim always made a point of paying such debts,

I was on the watch for his revenge for a long time, but forgot all about it one day when the dear old fellow was brought home knocked down by a runaway horse, and so hurt that he died a week later. Mother and I took his fate a great deal harder than he did. In fact, he made, or, at least, pretended to make, a jest of it, telling me over and over again that the only thing he regretted was that he couldn't live long ugh to get even with me. At the very last he glanced at me with a twinkle in his eye. "Too bad I couldn't get even with you, Bessie," he said.

usually with interest.

When his will was read I understood the twinkle. He had left all his fortune in trust, the income to be divided between me and my first coustn, Philip Stacy, for three years, and the principal to come to us at the end of that time, provided we married each other in the interval. If either married ried anyone else or definitely refused to marry the other, the entire fortune was to vest in the other. We were to spend the month of June each summer at a certain watering place in order to get acquainted with each other. If either of us stayed away, the money was to revert to the one who came, unless the meeting was waived by written agreement. If the three years ended without our marrying, the money was to go to a home for friendless cats.

Now, neither the Stacy nor the Williams family was especially well to do. A fortune of \$500,000 was not to be despised, and our family as well as our Stacy cousins would hesitate for some time before giving it up; yet what girl could or would rejoice in being deliberately teld off to marry a man whom she had never seen, especially one as repulsively homely as Uncle Jim-who was he only one of us who had even seen our Missouri cousins-had told us that Philip

"Philip Tracy has a heart of gold," said Uncle Jim, again and again. "A heart of gold, but a face as ugly as that of the devil himself. However, you don't mind that when you know him." Thinking of this afterward I felt sure that Uncle Jim was trying to prevent the shock he knew that I, with my ideals of manly beauty, must experience when I should meet my cousin. If this was his hope, however, it was not realized for a long time, for it was nearly three years before either of us laid

eyes on the other, This postponement of the inevitable came about very naturally. Philip was very ill just at the time of Uncle Jim's death or I

When the lawyer had finished I looked at | plenty named Bessie Williams in the world, but it put an idea into my head. I clipped it out and inclosed it to Cousin Philip, asking for a fresh postponement of our meettell me that Uncle Jim's money will all go ing time. I didn't say that the accident had happened to me, but of course the inference was plain enough. However, it turned out that I needn't have fibbed, for scarcely had I dropped my missive in the mail when I received a letter from Philip, written the day before mine, telling me that he had been ill with smallpox. He added that it was hoped that he would not be heart. much scarred, but that he was still weak and would be glad to postpone our meeting for another year. I could imagine his ap-pearance after having a choice assortment of pockmarks added to his already horribly ugly features—for of course, I understood what his optimistic remark about not being much scarred must mean. So I lost no time in writing again and gladly accepting the

proposed delay. But finally the last June of all drew near the June when we must meet and decide to marry or lose both income and principal of a half million dollars. Mother and I would be sadly pinched without this money, and I couldn't help letting my thoughts wander to my distant cousin nor refrain from wondering whether he might be possible after all to— I ended by writing to ask him whether there was not some way in which we could arrange to divide the money and cheat the friendless cats, without having to take each other for better or worse.

In reply Cousin Philip wrote that he was sorry to say that he could see none. "I appreciate your feelings perfectly," he concluded, "at being obliged to marry somebody you never saw. I feel the same myself, though, of course, in a less degree, being a man. But I don't want to give up this money any more than I suppose you do. Why not let us meet without prejudice, as the lawyers say? It's just possible that we might fall desperately in love with each other at first sight. In that event everything would be all right. If we don't there will be no harm done, and, anyway, if we decline to become lovers we may at least become friends." there was something cold-blooded about this, but there was something sensible about

it, too. The more I thought of it the more I liked the idea. So at last I wrote that I should spend June at the place designated in the will and should hope to meet him

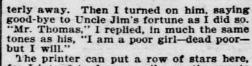
But as the time drew near I could not make up my mind to go to be inspected like an animal for sale. Finally, when just about to throw up the whole thing, a brilliant idea struck me-at least, I considered it brilliant then. I would take my friend Nell Jones along with me and would change identities with her. She should be Bessie Williams and I Nell Jones. Then, if I found Philip impossible, I could easily get away. So I did it. We went to the springs, and as mother wrote her name and mine and Nell's on the register, we saw the names of Philip Stacy and Frank Thomas, both of St. Louis, written just above them in the handwriting I had grown to know so well. Philip's got a friend with him, too," said mother, meditatively. "You both evidently need some one to help you through."

We met, of course, almost at once, and, strange to say, we all became very chummy. Nell was always ready for fun, and I, feeling entirely at ease in my assumed character, could afford to be as jolly as any one. So, in spite of the fact that Cousin Philip was undoubtedly the ugliest man living, we got on famously together for two

Of course, we soon paired off. Philip had to be especially nice to Nell-whom he sup-posed to be me-and Nell, acting for me, had to be specially nice to Philip. This left me-the real me-to Philip's friend, a big, broad, six-footer, as handsome as poor

Philip was ugly.

As I said, for two weeks we got on famously. Then the situation became strained. The fact was-I can confess it now-Cupid began shooting blindly and hit every one of us. I had found that Philip's heart was really golden, but, all the funeral. When he recovered, he stayed away on purpose. I suppose he didn't relish having a girl pitched at his head away for the stayed away on purpose. away on purpose. I suppose he didn't relish straying altogether too persistently to his having a girl pitched at his head any more friend, Frank Thomas. Nell, on the other



for I intend to draw a veil over the events that followed next. It's easier to do this, anyway, for I never could tell a love story properly. After a while we went back to the hotel to join the others, and found them just starting to find us. Both of them looked utterly woe-begone, in marked contrast to our happy faces—although I was a little disturbed over the necessity of 'fessing

Nell made this easy for me, however. She always was sharp-eyed, and she guessed how things stood in a moment. "Why, Bessie," she cried, excitedly, calling me by my real name instead of my assumed one, "do

you mean—''
'Yes, I do. Nell, you dear, you. I have-"Yes," chimed in Frank. "Congratulate me, old man, I've won the sweetest-hang the fortune.'

'I'm free to speak—"

A course "

Then—then," he cried, all of a sudden.

"Then, Miss Williams-Bessie," he cried, turning on Nell. "I have deceived you. am not Philip Stacy at all; I am really Frank Thomas, and Thomas there is the real Stacy, but I love you with all my heart; will you marry me? As I said, Nell was quick witted. Her face lit up with a glorified smile. "And I am not Bessie Williams, either," she cried. "I am really Nell Jones; there is the real

Bessie; and I will marry you with all my Frank and I looked at each other-no, I mean the real Philip and I looked at each other. "Why!" I gasped, in a low tone that the real Frank could not hear; "why, you can't be Philip Stacy. Uncle Jim told me he was hideous." Philip started. "Uncle Jim!" he cried.

'Why, it was he who told me that you were homely as a mud fence-with a heart of gold, but--For a moment we stared at each other.

Then almost together we ejaculated, disgustedly: "Sold." I telegraphed the news to our lawyer, and received the following reply:

'Dear Miss Williams: "I congratulate you and Mr. Stacy on your engagement, which I do not doubt was entirely a matter of true affection. Be-fore anything becomes irrevocable, however, I feel it my duty to tell you a secret that has been carefully kept from you all these years. Your Uncle Jim's will contained a codicil referring to a certain sealed paper which he provided was to be opened at the end of three years. The court, however, refused to permit so important a document to remain sealed, and it was opened forthwith and spread upon the records, where you or any one else could have seen it at any time if you had cared to look. changes the will as you know it in one respect only. It throws out the friendless cats and divides the fortune equally between you and your cousin at the end of three years, whether you marry or not. 1 felt it my duty to remain silent all this time, but now I must speak out.

but now I mass."
"Yours very truly,
"HENRY MASON." When I read this I knew at last what I nad never been able to understand before-Uncle Jim could have been willing to risk disinheriting his own kin as he would ave done under the first version of the will if Philip and I hadn't found our affinities in each other.

FRQG AND A FORTUNE.

Centuries-Old Incident Brought Forward in Lawsuit in Ceylon. rom the Ceylon Times.

A fortune worth many millions of dollars once hung on the life of a bullfrog. The frog died five centuries ago, and the story might have died with it, except for a lawsuit which has now stirred up the whole island of Cevion. In one report of this lawsuit the sad nature of the frog's death is portrayed, and still sadder facts are also made public which show how the fortune went the way of the frog.

The claimants to the fortune assert that they have an ancestor who was a veritable Nimrod. On one occasion, they say, King Parakrama Bahu VI, who ruled over Ceylon in the middle of the fifteenth century, held a great athletic tournament, and inrited all the archers to contest for a prize. Of these who entered this contest there were two whose skill seemed to be equal. There was no target which they could not hit. The king was at a loss to decide how to bestow the prize, when a bullfrog croaked loud and deep in a nearby pond. At the sound the monarch leaped from his throne and shouted:

"There, there! The man who can kill that frog shall win the prize." The two contesting archers looked at the pond, but saw no frog. The wily reptile was lurking beneath the water.

"You must shoot by the sound," said the

king. "Your eyes are equally keen. This is a contest of the ears." The first archer drew his string and at the next croak he sped his arrow. It disappeared beneath the water; but a few moments later there came another croak. archer bent his bow, and with the second croak still ringing in his ears he shot at the invisible target. The arrow plunged into the water, but soon reappeared, floating upon the surface, transfixed in the body of the frog. The reptile had croaked its

Moved by his admiration of such a marksman, the king presented him with a tract of fifty thousand acres, including several villages, and gave him as title to the estate a "sannas," or copper plate, on which were rescribed the terms of the gift.

For some reason or other, so the present

gave to the peerless frog killer.

As this whole territory is now crown land, C. M. Fernando, who appeared for the crown, took a shot at the claimants much as their distinguished ancestor took a shot at the frog. According to his arguments, the frog was killed all right and the land was granted by the king to the archer. The fortune might have peacfully descended from father to son in the family of the famous frog killer had not one of them turned traitor and been beheaded for favoring the British. As the result of his untimely end the land escheated to the crown, the "sannas" was taken back and the fortune was lost. According to dispatches from Ceylon, the judges who heard the case have not yet rendered their decision. The two school teachers, however, have been sentenced to five years at hard labor for forgery.

TELEPHONE GIRL'S TRAINING.

Work That Demands Good Ears and Close Attention. From the Booklovers' Magazine.

But a switchboard does not make an exchange. Central without the telephone girl would be more void than Hamlet without Ophelia. Yet she belongs to a more or less definite type. No nervous girl need apply at a telephone exchange. The strain and stress of the eight hours' intense, concentrated attention to the demands of the switchboard call for coolness and poise. The girl who has the telephone bee buz-

zing within her bonnet seeks the general manager, and is first put through a searching test for general fitness-sight and hearing, wideawakeness, deportment. If satisfactory she is turned over for training to the operating inspector. For the first week she does nothing but attach her headphone to an experienced operator's position and listen. It takes that time to learn to distinguish the dozen and one confusing sounds that crowd into her receiver. The next two weeks she puts her observation in practice, with an experienced operator always at her elbow. By the end of the third week the tracks have been beaten out in her brain cells by incessant use, and connections are made automatically.

The lot of the full-fledged telephone girl is by no means an unenviable one. work demands unflagging attention, but custom eases the strain. The great telework demands unhagging attention, but custom eases the strain. The great tele-phone companies are in the forefront of the modern movement for improved working conditions. Every girl is given a half-hour intermission morning and afternoon to lounge in the rest-room and read or gossip as she will. For the rare cases of nerv-

Money Center for Its Own Selfish Interest.

DIVIDED ON ROOSEVELT

EXERTS ITS POLITICAL POWER "UNDER COVER."

Any Other Course Would Be Unpopular -Has Plenty of Patriot-

(Copyright, 1902, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Written for The Evening Star by Sereno S. Pratt, associate editor Wall Street Journal.

Politics, strictly speaking, has no place in the mechanism of Wall street. The banks and the exchanges are business machines. They concern themselves very little with eother politics or religion in the conduct of either politics or religion in the conduct of er a man is a Jew or a Gentile, a Catholic or a Protestant, a republican or a demo-

But there is, nevertheless, a political side of Wall street, and at times it is a very important side. For politics often touches its most vital interests. The most important function of government is that of taxation, and taxation, either direct, "internal revenue," as it is called, or indirect through duties upon imported merchandise, is a levy made upon the business of the country. Every dollar of indirect taxation, through duties on imports, may be a dollar taken from the profits of business, or many dollars added to those profits through the protection afforded certain home industries. Tax-ation is, therefore, a constant concern of both politics and business, and Wall street is vitally interested in it. The financial administration of the government, its rela-tions to the banks, its issue of money and bonds, its use of the treasury funds and the like, all this has a direct bearing upon the value of securities and the rate of interest. Then the government exercises certain owers of supervision and regulation over the railroads, and has recently established a bureau of publicity for the industrial corporations. The various states enact laws relating to railroad rates, the incorporation of companies and the granting of franchises and the like. In a score of ways, therefore, politics deeply concerns the business of the country. The international relations of the principal nations of the world are always a subject of vital interest. The mere chance of war, as for instance in the Venezuela complication of 1895, may be sufficient to precipitate a panic in Wall

Prosperity Gift of God.

Government policy and political agitation cannot make or unmake prosperity altogether. The basis of all wealth is, after all, what comes out of the earth in the products of the mines and the fields. Prosperity in the final analysis is a gift of God. It is not the handiwork of man. But certainly politics has often a very important influence upon business activity. The national administration cannot make the crops bountiful or the mines fruitful, but it may be held responsible for many acts which tend to minimize the advantage of large harvests and rich mines. An administration may be defeated in a year of prosperity, but it invariably has a hard time in a year of financial depression. For instance, republicans were defeated in 1884, and the democrats in 1896, both years of business reaction.

Local Selfishness.

It is quite natural, therefore, that Wall street should watch the course of politics closely as one of the great influences affecting the market, and that sometimes it should take an active part in politics. That street is not peculiar in that respect. Every section of the country is guilty of sectionalism in politics, that is, the seeking to in-fluence political action for its own advantage regardless of other parts of the United When Gen. Hancock, in the campaign of 1880, said that the tariff was "a local issue," he was laughed at, but the saying was a true one, and each locality votes on the tariff issue, not from the standpoint of the national interests, but from that of its own local profit.

Wall Street "Graft."

But while this is not a high type of politics, there is another kind much lower. There is politics of "graft," which is an attempt to influence governmental policy by corrupt means. There is reason to believe that Wall street has its full share of this kind of politics. Perhaps it is not altogether to blame for this, for the financial district is a shining mark for legislative blackmailers, and capital has some excuse for paying for relief rather than submit to exactions which would restrict its freedom and obstruct its operations. That many corporations, in one form or another, make contributions to the campaign funds of both parties is a matter of common belief, though no doubt difficult of proof. Jay Gould's fareason or other, so the present claimants to this vast fortune say, the copper plate was lost, and in order to substantiate their claim they had two school teachers at Galle make another. This they showed the court as identical with the "sannas," which King Parakrama Bahu VI gave to the peerless frog killer. trolling many heads of corporations. That some of them resort to direct bribery in one or another of its many forms there can be little doubt. A prominent capitalist said a few days ago: "I am a stockholder in such and such corporations (naming certain street railways and other franchise compa-nies), but I would not for my life be a director of one of them. I would not care to be responsible for some of these things which the directors no doubt feel that they are obliged to do." He referred, of course, to the politics of "graft." But in this respect Wall street is probably no worse than ome other parts of the country.

Antagonism to Roosevelt. Ordinarily the financial district is divided politically, the same as other places. It politically, the same as other places. It contains partisans of every party, and several of its leaders have attained distinction grew proud and haughty and lifted their in political life. Levi P. Morton, one of its oldest bankers, became Vice President in a republican administration. R. P. Flower, once democratic governor of the state, was a notable leader in the stock market. In the Blaine and Harrison campaigns the street was about equally divided, and developed much partisan enthusiasm, organizing campaign clubs and getting up parades. Political meetings were held on the subtreasury steps, a practice which has since been condemned as not a proper use of government property. But in the last two presidential campaigns, the money question being the issue, Wall street was practically a unit on the side of McKinley and the gold standard. How it will standard and the gold standard. How it will stand in the campaign of next year is a matter of some doubt, and therefore of large interest. The uncertainty is due to the fact that there has developed considerable antagonism to President Roosevelt on account of his action in the coal strike and of his advocacy of publicity to be applied to the But Wall street is not by any means in agreement on these matters. Some leading financiers support the President, and the Wall Street Journal has openly defended his action on both questions. tions.

Works "Under Cover." It is no more easy to unite Wall street in

regard to any issue of politics than it is its love of country. During the civil war its loyalty to the Union was never questioned, and it gave practical proof of it when the government had to float its war issues of bonds. But Wall street is un-popular. Its open and united advocacy of any candidate would be a handicap to him "The let things rest for a while."

I yielded, of course, and possessed my goul in patience for another year. Then, as June drew near once more, I chanced to see in the paper one day an account of an accident to a namestake of mine, by which her face was badly scarred. This wasn't at all surprising, of course, as there are

sip as she will. For the rare cases of nervous care. Moreover, there is a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except for a slight charge for desert or other extraction.

Sip as she will. For the rare cases of nervous care. Moreover, there is a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except strength, and for this reason it has tried to hide itself, and sought to attack him from under cover. So unpopular is the at all surprising, of course, as there are

That was an awful case of stage fright ous collapse a hospital room is provided. In a campaign in most parts of the country. The element in Wall street which opposes in a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except for a slight charge for desert or other extraction. The clement in wasn't street which opposes a hospital room is provided. In a campaign in most parts of the country. The element in Wall street which opposes in a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except to him in a campaign in most parts of the country. The element in Wall street which opposes in a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except to him in a campaign in most parts of the country. The clement in Wall street which opposes in a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except to him in a campaign in most parts of the country. The clement in Wall street which opposes in a dining room, where a very substantial unch is furnished the girls free, except to him in a campaign in most parts of the country. The clement in Wall street which opposes a hospital room is provided. The

pointed from New York, although it would be natural that the heads of the government finances should be chosen from the financial district. Fairchild was the last Secretary of the Treasury chosen from the state of New York, and even he, at that time, was not a Wall street man, although now he is at the head of a trust company. Whenever Wall street, therefore, seeks to influence political action it generally tries to do so silently, though the end it may have in view may be of advantage to the entire country. "As a rule," said a distinguished public man to me a few months ago, and his words were the expression of ago, and his words were the expression of an honest opinion, "Wall street is right on financial questions and its leadership in regard to them should ordinarily be fol-lowed. What is best for it is commonly best for the business interests of the whole country. But when it departs from principles, as it sometimes does, it must be sternly and courageously opposed. Noth-ing is worse than Wall street using its power of organized capital in an effort to control the policies of the nation in a way opposed to truth and equity."

Business and Elections.

Those interested in the subject of the effect of politics upon business need only study the trade statistics of the presiden tial years. In nearly every case they reveal the unsettling influence of political uncertainty. In 1876, when the election was closely contested, there were, as compared with the preceding year, decreased bank clearings, reduced bank loans and reduced circulation. The election of 1880 caused a reduction in bank clearings and loans. The election of 1884 contributed to the unsettlement of business, which was the result of panic. There were reduced bank clearings in 1888 and stagnation in 1896. In 1900 transactions were reduced by the political contest. Only in 1892, a year when, as President Harrison said, business reached what was then "its high water mark," did the statistics of trade reveal no bad effects of political agitation. The tariff was long the principal issue discussed in presidential campaigns, and necessarily the possibility of a change in customs duties was sufficient to cause much disturbance to business. In the last two campaigns the financial question has been uppermost, with similar results. It looks as if next year there would be a combination of the tariff, the currency and the trust issues.

Election Wagers.

For many years Wall street has been a center for betting on political contests. The floor, but large wagers are made outside. Even as far back as 1792 bets were laid in Wall street on elections. In recent years the stakes have, at times, reached high figures, and several brokers have made considerable money in acting as agents for the placing of bets. The betting very often is a fairly accurate forecast of the result of the contest.

SERENO S. PRATT.

FIRES FROM ELECTRIC WIRING.

Danger From Old or Inefficient Insulation-Safety Requires Care. From Cassier's Magazine.

One of the most difficult things an electrical insurance department has to do is to prove to the lay mind that an installation which has been in use for several years is in unsafe condition, owing to the poor condition of the insulation. The claim is made. and perhaps rightly, that the equipment has not given any great amount of trouble, and it is, therefore, difficult to convince the assured of the possibility of fire from electrical causes, as they fail to appreciate the fact that the efforts of the fire department are directed toward the prevention of fires, rather than in determining the cause

or origin of a fire after it has occurred. The old saying that "familiarity breeds contempt" is most applicable to the average electrical equipment when under the supervision of persons who know nothing of the nherent danger of the system. As a rule, no sooner is an equipment completed, than more or less extensive changes and alterachanges being made without any regard sonal friends.

When the Americans, in 1898, invited electrical work.

It is a common thing to find on the average equipment, after it has been in service short time, the panel-boards or cut-outs, which, for protection, were encased in cabinets constructed of, or lined with, slate, iron or similar material, used as storage closit often enters politics for its own selfish in-terests is not to be wondered at. Wall bustible things. When the inclosures are too small for this purpose, the doors are either left open or removed, and material struck out on his march, fighting every day of the most combustible nature is stored in direct contact with open fuses, bare bus bars and switches.

The ease with which an electric light or

fan can be installed at any point in a building, or with which changes can be made in the position of a lamp, using for this purpose a flexible cord and connecting it to the most convenient source of supply, is per-haps one of the most common and flagrant violations of prescribed rules. As it requires but a short time, usually, for the insulation on this cord to become abraded, or so dry and hard as to break at any point where it may be disturbed, it can be seen that this condition is likely to result in trouble at any place on the circuit.

The use of large copper wire and extraordinarily heavy fuses in cut-outs, after the fuse originally installed has operated, is on the same order. This can be compared in reckless only to the tying down of the safety valve on a steam boiler. A little knowledge of electricity and the laws which govern it in its application to power and lighting systems, well seasoned with ordinary common sense, would enable almost any one to understand the average precautions necessary in the safeguarding of electrical wiring and apparatus, and if this knowledge, so seasoned, were only occa-sionally applied, the fire losses from electrical causes would be largely diminished.

THE NEW CHEMISTRY.

Recent Discoveries in Science Shaking

Partisans of the classical education, after

Old Theories. From the San Francisco Bulletin.

a long period of despondency, are looking up again. For some years they have been on the defensive and their tone has been apologetic. They lost battle after battle with the "moderns." The natural science branches were gradually elbowing Latin and Greek out of the scholastic curriculum. From being the essential studies, without which there was nothing, and according to which all students were graded, the classics fell to the inferior position of mere elec-tives. Science was triumphant and even eyebrows when they were kind enough to address a professor of Greek or Latin. Even in conservative England, the last ditch of the classical forces, the ancient public schools, which for centuries had been cramming the youthful gentry with Greek and Latin, were driven by public opinion to create "modern sides" in which the study of the classics was replaced by that of physics, chemistry and other natural sciences.

There were not lacking arguments in defense of the classics, but the defenders felt in the back of their minds that they were upholding an anachronism which time and destiny would sweep away in spite of all logic. The natural sciences, we were told, were in harmony with the modern spirit. They not only educated the mind, but filled it with useful information; that is, with hard facts. What use was it to be able to conjugate a Greek irregular verb in comparison with knowing all about the mo-lecular construction of matter? Better know the atomic theory than the uses of Greek particles. But now what echoes from the laboratory

are these in the popular magazines? What is this talk of abandoning the venerable atomic theory? What is this radium that, despite its prodigious radio-activity, loses an inappreciable amount of its mass—an amount according to Becquerel's calculation, or rather Becquerel's guess, of one regard to any issue of politics than it is any other part of the country. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that it is devoid of patriotism. On the contrary, the street has several times given practical proof of of science, once determined, were immuta-ble. Can it be that all these thousands of students on the modern side have been filled with false learning which they must now discard as rubbish?

"That was an awful case of stage fright I had," said the amateur after the final



Written for The Evening Star by Antonio de las Alas. In a hot, dusty office in one of the government buildings of Manila, P. I., sits a young Filipino, not quite twenty-four, dark. even for a native, thick lipped, but with intelligent features. Carefully he pores over the dry administrative documents before him. A quiet, modest young native he seems, but few of his fellow countrymen have had a more strenuous life, so brilliant a career; certainly none of his years. For this is the ex-insurgent chief, the famous guerrilla leader, Gen. Tino, who was a colonel at eighteen, a general at nineteen, and, who, at twenty conquered northern Luzon from the Spaniards and brought it under native rule. This lad it was, also, who for over a year defied the new commander of the United States army, Gen. S. B. M. stock exchange prohibits betting on its Young, when the latter was military governor of northern Luzon. No other insurgent leader gave Gen. Young half the trouble that this boy did.

Tino's character is a strange one. His enemies among his own people are numerous; some called him cruel and bloodthirsty, some weak and foolish, and others denounce him as an unscrupulous brigand. His friends naturally maintain that he has within him all the possibilities of a Naoleon. Tino, they say, when in his twentyfirst year, defeated several times a Span-ish army, greatly outnumbering his own forces, while Napoleon was four years older when he simply captured a fort. Napoleon, they further contend, had behind him Eu-rope's best soldiers; Tino fought with a ragged battalion of raw recruits who never before had fired a gun. Napoleon was a trained tactician; Tino rose from civil life,

A Friend of Aguinaldo.

The most warlike of the Filipinos have been the Tagalogs. This is not because their natures are more aggressive, but because Manila, which was the center of Spanish tyranny, is the heart of the Tagalog district. Oppression has made them what they are. Tino is a Tagalog, born in the province of Cavite, as was Aguinaldo. When the first insurrection against the Spaniards broke out in 1897 Tino, then a mere schoolboy, joined the insurgents, and so distinguished himself for bravery and military skill that Aguinaldo in rapid succession raised him to a colonelcy and then conferred on him the rank of brigadier general, and made him one of his personal advisers. Later on, when the Tagalog chief was banished to Hong Kong Tino went tions are instituted, these additions and with him. Thus they became warm per-

d to be taken in connection with Aguinaldo to return to his native land Tino accompanied his chief, and joined him in conquering the Tagalog territory from the Spaniards, whose garrisons were driven northward, where they gathered into quite an army. Then when Aguinaldo had established himself in Malolos, near Manila, he said to Tino:
"Take 500 men and march north."

The boy general obeyed. Without taking time to drill the 500 peasants given him he beating back the Spaniards and conquering each town he advanced on. As his soldiers fell he replaced them with other peasants, recruited from the country through which he marched. The prisoners he took he sent back south under escort of bolo men—militia armed only with long knives. At no time did his army number over 800.

His Rout of the Spaniards.

His march was unimpeded by any serious resistance on the part of the Spaniards until the Spaniards had determined to make one last stand. They numbered about 1,500, were armed with modern Mauser rifles, and were under command of old experienced officers. Several companies of the 9th Cazadores, Spain's finest colonial troops, made up the force.

On the banks of this river stands the town of Tagudin. There the river is several hundred yards wide and much too deep to be forded. On the far bank the Spaniards threw up earthwork trenches that stretched half a mile on either side of the ferry. On came the boy general with his mob of Filipino patriots, armed with old-fashioned Remington rifles and less than a hundred captured Mausers. Arrived at the river he was met by the volleys of the Spanish troops. He knew that it was useless to make a frontal attack. In one night he marched up his side of the river ten miles, where he forded and by dawn next morning he fell on the left flank of the intrenched Spaniards and utterly routed them. Spanish commanding officer deserted men and escaped off the coast in a boat,

leaving most of his force prisoners. That was the last organized resistance made by the Spaniards against Tino. What was left of their decimated ranks retreated northward with Tino close on their heels picking up stragglers. On August 13, 1898, the day the American flag was hoisted in Manila, Tino entered the important northern town of Vigan, next in size to Manila on the Island of Luzon. The Spaniards had passed through the day before, taking with them the local garrison and the bishop of Vigan and his monks, the bishop having under his care several carreton loads of treasure in silver dollars.

Tino raised the insurgent tricolor over The raised the insurgent tricolor over the bishop's palace, left a small force to garrison the town, and after only a few hours' sleep continued his pursuit of the fleeing Castilians. It was simply a contest of endurance, and the boy of twenty won. It was the rainy season, and the soldiers marched in slush to their hips. At a town called Loag the Spanjards were too excalled Loag the Spaniards were too ex-hausted to continue the killing pace, and they fortified themselves in a local convent.

Tino's Claim of Personality. When Tino came up they hung out a

white flag and asked for a parley. Tino walked boldly into the convent and told the commanding officer what terms he would grant him-unconditional surrender. The Spaniards agreed, and all delivered over their arms to the insurgent leader. Then they were paroled and allowed to scatter about among the villages and to live among the native householders. The officers and monks returned to Vigan, where Tino established his headquarters. There he was in constant telegraphic communication with Aguinaldo in Malolos, and there he remained until the northern march of the Americans began.

It was in Vigan that he held as prison

of war Lieut. Gillmore and thirteen other Americans. He kept them in rigorous confinement, but still did not treat them with finement, but still did not treat them with the severity of personal animosity. Lieut. Gillmore, in speaking to the writer, told of a visit that he received from Tino, and de-scribed him as having most unattractive features, but a powerful personal mag-netism that compelled one to like him. His smile, Gillmore said, was as winsome as any girl's.

Tino has often been accused of tyranny

but the fact remains that he established a court before which Spanish prisoners could claim redress against natives who had pillaged or otherwise ill-treated them. One case that occurred in Vigan illustrates Tino's idea of justice and discipline.

Punished a Tyrannical Judge. The chief justice of the court of first in

stance in Vigan was a Spanish creole who had made himself intensely disliked among the natives by his aristocratic ideas. He exacted the most abject respect from the |-"Ah, so I hear from all sides!"

justice was not a favorite with the popu-

When Tino drove the Spaniards from Vigan and the judge had fled with the retreating Cazadores, his household effects were left behind. Next day his house had been looted bare. When the chief justice returned as a

prisoner, he entered complaint with Tino, and the general ferreted out the culprits, obliged them to restore all the looted prop-erty, and punished them severely besides. Then came a counter charge from the citi-zens against the judge, in which he was zens against the judge, in which he was accused of tyranny in former days. This was rather an indefinite charge, but Tino, not having a legal turn of mind, found it quite sufficient. He had the judge tried, found him guilty and sentenced him to stand one whole day in the public plaza and to salute each person who might pass and demand it. Refusal meant a cut from a hamboo cane in the hands of a muscular. a bamboo cane in the hands of a muscular native corporal. All day long the formerly oppressed natives passed by in single file, and the poor judge was compelled to work his arm like a pump handle from morning

Another case illustrating this same phase of Tino's character occurred when he had the Gillmore party under his charge. A local merchant who looked toward the future gave the American prisoners clothes and other comforts in return for letters of recommendation to the American general advancing north. Tino heard of it, and forbade any further favors.

"While the Spanish prisoners and our own soldiers go about barefooted and hungry," he said, "you may not favor the Americans. If your philanthropic spirit is as irrepressible as it appears to be you may devote a few thousand pesos toward shoes for our own country's/soldiers-begin there." The merchant refused and was thrown into prison until he complied with Tino's wishes.

Tino remained in the north until the latter part of the year 1898. Then the Americans pressed hard on Aguinaldo in the south, and he ordered Tino to reinforce him. The boy general left a small garrison in Vigan to guard the prisoners, and with 300 riflemen marched down to meet the advancing Americans. But American artillery drove him back.

When Young and Tino Met.

Now comes a singular incident. As the Spaniards had fled before Tino he now retreated over the same ground before General Young's cavalry. At a town called San Fernando he made a stand with 200 men, all that was left of his force. General Young advanced, and when he came up to the insurgents at San Fernando he was alone—ahead of his men with only an escort of forty men. The general charged Tino and his 200 and drove them back, scattering them into the jungles. Fifty miles further up Tino made another stand in what was considered an impregnable mountain pass, Tangadin. Again he was defeated by inferior numbers. The Texans under Young simply walked up the pass without stopping.

pitched fight. Thenceforth he pursued guerrilla tactics, and in that manner he kept General Young's cavalry on the hustle for about a year. Finally he surrendered, after Aguinaldo's capture. Now he enjoys a civil position capture. Now he enjoys a civil position under the government he so stoutly resisted, and his superiors say that he is a good

LONDON'S CIVIC FLAG.

What the Signs and Devices Mean-A Wat Tyler Tradition. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

When the familiar red and white flag of the city of London waves over Brusselsthe mayor of that town having expressed a wish to see it floating proudly beside his own-the good people of the Belgian capital will no doubt be considerably puzzled to know what meaning attaches to its he reached the banks of a large river that divides the province of Union from Ilocas
Sur. over 200 miles north from Manila. Here

The presence of which by the way years. the presence of which, by the way, very, few of those who were either born or live within the sound of Bow Bells can explain. Some might go so far as to state that the strangely employed weapon had "some-thing to do with Wat Tyler," but even they would be incorrect, although it must be admitted that they have been most con-

sistently misled on the point.

The flag is a reproduction of the shield which occupies the center of the city arms, and it has been commonly believed that the "dagger" was added to the red cross by Richard II "in commemoration of Wat Tyler's insurrection and the death of the rebel in Smithfield by the hand of the val-iant mayor." The belief in this tradition has, no doubt, been fostered by an inscription still to be found on a statue of Sir Wiliam Walworth, preserved on the staircase at Fishmonger's Hall. It runs:

Brave Walworth, Knight, Lord Mayor, yt Slew. Rebellious Tyler in his Alarmes. The King, therefore, did give in lieu

The dagger to the Citye's armes, In the 4th Year of Richard II, Anno Domini 1281. But controverting facts are far more stubborn than even the brave knight's blade, and the dagger is, forsooth, no dag-ger at all, but a representation of a short sword, emblematical of St. Paul, the patron saint of the corporation. This view has been supported by a careful examination of an interesting series of bosses still existing in the eastern crypt at Guildhall. They are of early date, and among them are representatives of the shield and dagger, while one bears two swords crossed saltirewise, which is taken as another emblem associated with the apostle. In addition to these there is an historical fact which puts all question as to Wat Tyler's connection with the dagger beyond doubt. seal upon which the "perfectly graven shield" appeared (and which would have taken at least four months to design and engrave) was brought in by the mayor on April 17, 1381, or two months before the death of Wat Tyler, which occurred on June 15 in the same year.

Mr. Arthur Charles Fox-Davis, the well-

known author of "Public Arms," also says the Wat Tyler story is a "fine piece of fiction," but adds that even this "wild legend" was surpassed by the fury with which arti-popery fanatics attacked Sir-Stuart Knill on one occasion in the belief that he had placed a St. Peter's cross upon the city arms. They were so shortsighted, says the author, that they mistook the sword for a cross and turned the wrong

way up. Those quaint people, the heralds, describe the flag as "Argent, a cross gules in the first quarter, a sword in pale, point upward, of the last."

Second-Hand Evidence.



Our Artist-"What a lovely view you have here, my good lady." Old Lady (who has lived there all her life



WHY I GASPED.

YOU CANT BE PHILIP STACY?"

Six months later, when June came along and our first set meeting was to take place, I wrote to him, according to the terms of Uncle Jim's will, and asked his consent to postpone the meeting for one year. As an incentive to this course of action, I enclosed a picture of my best friend, Nell Jones, who, though the dearest, sweetest girl in the world, was not-well, not exactly beautiful. Of course, I didn't say that the picture was of me; if Philip inferred as It seemed, however, that he did not need

any deterrent, as he sent a reply with a quick delivery stamp, agreeing with m fully and inclosing the portrait of the very ugliest man I ever saw. I took it to mother in horror. "Really, mother," I said, "there is no use in waiting any longer. I simply cannot marry a man who looks like that, no matter how many golden hearts he may have. You must write and break off the match definitely." But mother hesitated. "There's no use

property must remain as it is until the three years are up, anyhow. So don't be precipitate. You aren't in love with anyone else, are you?" "Certainly not," I answered truthfully.
"Then let things rest for a white."

I yielded, of course, and possessed my

in being in a hurry, Bessie," she said.

hand, seemed to appreciate golden hearts a their full value, and Philip, truth to tell, seemed mightily taken with her. Under the circumstances, however, she could not but feel certain that he was thinking more of Uncle Jim's fortune than he was of the real Nell, and, of course, she didn't want to be courted under false pretenses. Philip, too, was acting in the strangest

truly in love—I was sure of it—yet he seemed to hesitate to let her know it. Actually the man would join me when I knew he was longing to join Nell, and talk to me by the hour about Nell. I hoped that he could un-derstand his own reasons for feeling this way; I'm sure I couldn't. Anyway, he and

Mr. Thomas also seemed miserable. He would look from Nell to me, and from me to Nell in the most desperate way, entirely inexplicable by any knowledge in my possession. I believed that he was fond of me, but every now and then he would seem to feel it his days to make desperate love to feel it his duty to make desperate love to Nell, who finally made up her mind that it was her duty to meet him half way and leave the field free for me with Philip. Oh!

He was in love with Nell, really and Nell managed to make each other to miserable, each anxious to go forward, but

